

The History of

Fals. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would bee loath to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if he nor prick me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in Surgery then? no: What is honor, a word: what is that word honor? what is that honor? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday: doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter VVorcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, sir Richard
The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. Twere best he did.

VVor. Then are wee all vnder one.

It is not possible: it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in other faults,
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
VVho neuer so tame, so cherisht and lockt vp,
VVill haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:
Zooke how he can, or sad or merily;
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of bloud,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotspur gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers, VVe did traine him on
And his corruption beene tane from vs,

Henry the f

We as the spring of all, shall pay
Therefore good coosin, let not
In any case the offer of the King
VVe Deliuier what you will Ile sa

Hot. My vnckle is returned.
Deliuier vp my Lord of Westm
Vnckle what news.

Wor. The King will bid you

Doug. Defie him by the Lord

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you

Doug. Marry and shal, and

Wor. There is no seeming

Hot. Did you beg any? God

Wor. I told him gently of
Of his oath-breaking, which
By now forswearing that he i
Hee calls vs rebels, traitors, and
With hawty armes, this hatefi

Doug. Arme gentlemen, to a
A braue defiance in King Hen
And Westmerland that was in
Which cannot chuse but bring

Wor. The Prince of wales ste
And, nephew, challeng'd you

Hot. O, would the quarrell
And that no man might draw
But I and Harry Monmouth
How shewd his talking? seem

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer
Did heare a chalking vrg'd m
Vnlesse a brother should a br
To gentle exercise and proof
He gaue you al the duties of a
Trimd vp your praises with a
Spoke your desertings like a
Making you euer better ther
By stil dispraying praise, valu
And which became him like a